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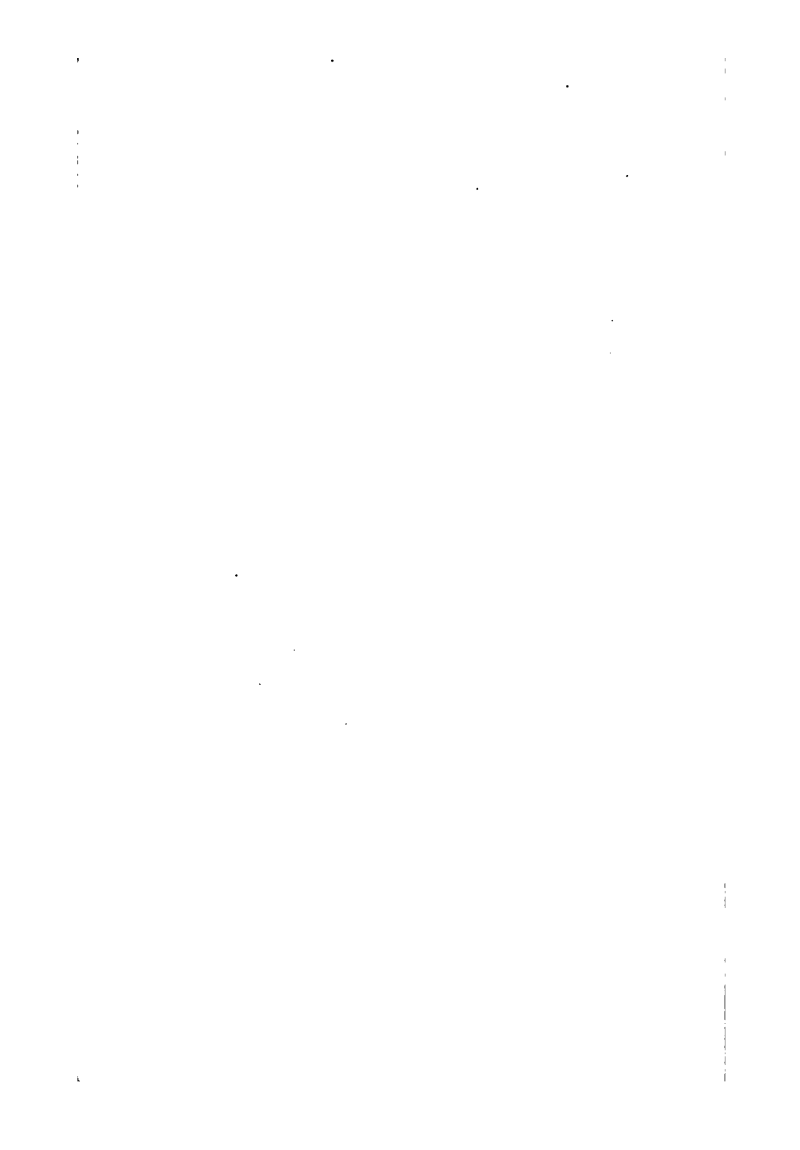
Light  
and Glory

141. k.

371.







## LIGHT IN THE DUNGEON:

## A Record.

**BY**

MANUEL MATAMOROS.

*TRANSLATED.*

**WITH**

## THE GLORY BEYOND:

## A Sequel.

*BY A. ST. G. N.*



*Second Edition, Enlarged.*

**JAMES NISBET & CO., 21, BERNERS STREET.**

1870.

141. k. 371

*Published for the Benefit of the Spanish Protestants,  
now fourteen in number, preparing for the  
ministry of the Gospel in their own country,  
under the direction of Pastor Cottier, Maupas,  
Lausanne.*

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*Communications in this Country may be addressed  
to R. NUGENT, ESQ., 1, Whitehall Gardens,  
London.*

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## PREFACE.

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THE following little recital having been given to the Translator by the Spanish prisoner himself, it is thought that its publication may prove interesting, while it affords a fitting opportunity to make known his strong feeling of affection and gratitude to the people of England, and to declare his conviction that it was by their prayers he was delivered from a three



years' captivity, and rescued from the galleys, to which he had been already sentenced.

His captivity was caused, not by any error or fault found in him, not for any crime against the laws of God or man, but because he would *not* give up the Bible; and having found the preciousness of that Word, having learned the exceeding riches of the Father's grace in His kindness towards us by Christ Jesus, he must needs communicate the glad tidings to others, and make known Him of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth,

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Immanuel. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, and hearing His word, he was enabled to choose the good part ; he esteemed the Word more than gold and silver, and resolved that no human power should ever deprive him of that which he found by blessed experience to be the power of God to his own salvation ; and now patient in tribulation and instant in prayer, he rejoices in hope, and fulfils the Christian paradox, "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

From his stronghold of faith this exiled prisoner of hope, abounding in love towards the souls of his countrymen, earnestly entreats that the

prayers for him may be continued, since, to use his own words, he has "more need of them *now* that he has come out into the world than when he was alone with his Saviour in the prison;" and thus confidently believing to "come by you into Spain," sees already the dawn of that day approaching when the thick darkness shall be dispelled from his native land by Him who is "the Light," and captivity be led captive by the Great Captain of our Salvation.

Filled with devotion to the best and highest interests of his beloved Spain, he humbly desires "to spend and be

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spent" for her; and the consciousness that all is of grace, and that it is God who worketh in him both to will and to do of His good pleasure, keeps watchful unto prayer, tempers with humility, and adds vigilant sobriety to the characteristic zeal of the young and enthusiastic Matamoros.

A. St. G. N.

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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IN adding a short sequel to the simple "Record," the Translator desires to fulfil what was ever the first object of its narrator,—to magnify the grace of Him who has promised to keep, to the last, the feet of His saints. Two short years were subsequently granted to him, but "Mata-moros, by the ardour of his zeal, redeemed the time, and, by the entire consecration of himself to his work, he multiplied his years." Such was

*Preface to Second Edition.* 9

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the testimony given in the words spoken over his grave by the late honoured Pastor Bridel.

The hearts of many in our land will respond to his concluding exhortation on the same solemn occasion, "Let us imitate his example and sustain by our efforts and prayers that work—the evangelization of Spain—which he had so much at heart."

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## Part II.

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# LIGHT IN THE DUNGEON.

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IT was during the spring time of the third year of my captivity that my health seriously declined: often I was obliged to relinquish the attempt to walk across my cell; my weak state made it almost impossible to move. I thought, and my friends thought with me, that the time for my earthly tabernacle to be dissolved was at hand, and I rejoiced in the hope of going to my Saviour. The director of the prison, struck, no doubt, by the serious nature of my





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complaint, offered me, in the name of his chief, the permission to choose from amongst the other prisoners one who might be of service to me in the quality of a servant.

"Well," said the officer, "which of them will you have?"

I replied, "Send me the most guilty of them all." There was in the prison a young man of about eight-and-twenty years of age, who was under sentence for several crimes, for two alone of which he was condemned to thirty-five years of hard labour. He had been the chief of a band of robbers, a man of savage energy and the most intrepid courage, who, on several occasions, had

fought with the officers of justice commissioned to seize him, and in these encounters had always put them to flight. Such as he had been, he still remained in the prison: every one feared him, the officials as well as his companions, who often felt the effects of his brutal force. This was the man who was given to me as a servant. The director was evidently well pleased to separate him from the others. However that may have been, he was joyfully received by me. A feeling of deep compassion took possession of me on learning his history, as related by the jailer. On his part, he entered upon my service with pleasure ; for being with me, his

position became, in various ways, very much ameliorated. He had more liberty, and enjoyed the privilege of receiving from time to time a visit from his old father. Before this time he was only permitted to see him at a distance, and in the presence of the officials.

By degrees the respect which this unfortunate man showed towards me began to be changed into affection. More than once he said to my mother, "Ah, madam, if your son could be set at liberty by shutting up the jailers in his place in this dungeon, it should be quickly done! that would be easy work for me!" And I am persuaded that he would have put

this design into execution, however perilous for himself, if I had not dissuaded him from it. On becoming better acquainted with his character and his tastes, I was convinced that, notwithstanding his guilty and depraved life, he possessed a heart which was still susceptible of some generous and noble sentiments. One day he said to me, "If I had not met with bad companions I would never have stolen ; but persuaded by cowards who would not venture by themselves, and once entered upon their course, theft became habitual to me. However," he added, with an expression of satisfaction, "I have never taken anything from the poor, and

neither has my gun or the point of my dagger ever shed a drop of blood. I was a robber certainly, but a robber who can boast of having been an honourable one!" Poor unhappy man! Some details of his history were completely unknown to every one. I was the sole person to whom he communicated them, for had they been known he could not possibly have escaped capital punishment. It was thus that little by little I was able to understand the inmost feelings of the man's heart. One morning, while I was preparing for my daily devotions, he was about to leave the cell. I begged of him to remain, and he sat down by my side. I

opened the Bible at the third chapter of St. John. During the reading of it his face lit up with a bright expression, which seemed to increase every moment. On coming to verses 16, 17, 18, which I read slowly and with emphasis, a feeling of deep emotion appeared to overcome him. I understood that the moment was not to be lost, and I then read the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. We knelt down together, and it was given me to pray with fervour and confidence for this man, for whom I already felt an affection. My companion, on rising, shed a torrent of tears. I do not know that any other during my life-time had been as



happy as that moment when I saw this soul enter upon the road to eternal life.

Leaving him under this blessed impression, it was afterwards I asked him, "What do you think of the words we read—of what God Himself has said to us?"

"Ah, Don Manuel!" he replied, "if I had known how to read I could have learned all these things, and I should not have been a criminal. Oh, it is very beautiful—I can never forget it. Ah, if I could but read I should not be so unhappy!"

"Well, will you learn to read? would you wish to begin?" was my inquiry.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, with the greatest joy, and all the energy which characterised him ; "oh yes, you are indeed a father to me! Oh do this, and God will reward you for it." I gave him the money to buy an A B C book, and the same day the book was in his pocket. We began at once, and from that time he seized on every opportunity to improve himself by asking assistance from those amongst the prisoners who knew how to read. It was in this manner that he employed a great part of the day. His progress was rapid, and at the end of six weeks he read tolerably well. He continued to listen to the Word of God, which I read every morning,

and was present at several little fraternal and religious reunions which took place in the prison during the time of my imprisonment, evincing an inexpressible delight on these occasions. His peace of mind became from day to day more profound. He disquieted himself no more by seeking for means to regain his liberty, for he had arrived at a state of complete submission to the will of God. Our intercourse became more and more Christian and brotherly. I felt happy in the society of this man. His love extended itself to all the other prisoners, and he spoke to me of them with a profound interest; he knew their wants, and

his greatest pleasure was to minister to their relief. Often have I seen him reading some portion of the New Testament to his companions. He used also to distribute some little tracts of mine; and I have no doubt that his conduct, at once prudent and firm, was productive of much good. As for me, I was strictly prevented from speaking to the rest of the prisoners; but he felt it a privilege to act as intermediary between me and them, by conveying some consolation or some religious book, which he gave with the words, "Only look what Don Manuel sends you in the name of the Lord!"

So he went on, making each day

some progress in the way to eternal life, while the sense of the increasing peace which he enjoyed became impressed upon his countenance. One day I received a visit from Mr. W. Greene, an English Christian, who has long interested himself in the evangelization of Spain, and one of the most zealous friends of the Spanish prisoners, who came into my prison to offer me the comfort of his fraternal affection. During the day he spent with me he had an opportunity of observing the behaviour of my servant, of whose life and circumstances he was informed by me. Deeply interested in the recital, Mr. Greene asked him, "How can you bear the thought of

passing thirty-five years in the galleys?" "Ah, Sir," replied my poor friend, "what are some thirty years in the galleys to one who had been condemned to an eternity of punishment? Before I knew Don Manuel I thought of nothing but of making my escape, even if I should have shed blood in the attempt! I lived but in despair—but all that is changed; I know now that Jesus Christ came to save sinners—that by His deservings my sins are forgiven me—that my past life can no more be a cause of condemnation for me, for Jesus is *my Advocate*. This is why I go to the galleys tranquil and happy, for I feel assured of the salvation that Jesus

has gained for me, and I rejoice at the prospect of His calling me to leave this life!"

It would be impossible for me to describe the joy and the emotion of my dear Mr. Greene on hearing my companion. Since then he has never ceased to feel an interest in him, and to commit him to God in his prayers.

The time at length arrived for my friend to leave the prison and go to the galleys. He wept abundantly on leaving me, yet he was able to say, "My sorrow is exceedingly great at being separated from you! but let us comfort ourselves with the thought that He (Jesus) does not leave us, and

that the love of God for us is immovable:—in His presence *we* shall meet again; shall we not?"

"*Yes,*" I answered; "let us be faithful unto death, and we shall receive the crown of life!"

There was the friend whom the Lord had given me in my captivity—one of the consolations which He vouchsafed me in my imprisonment: the remembrance of this man who was but a vile criminal when he came into my cell, is now dear and precious to me! Oh, how touching it is, this manifestation of God's love to sinners!—of any soul where a sorrow for sin exists, He can make a temple for His Holy Spirit; and the guilty, even the



most degraded, can thus be transformed into the image of our Saviour God.

“Come to *Me*,” says this Saviour to each of us ; “all you who are weary and heavy laden, and I will comfort you and give you rest !”

Oh yes ! let us come to Him, such as we are, with the sincere desire and prayer to arrive at the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ !

Part II.

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## THE GLORY BEYOND.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

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IN the autumn of 1867 I again visited Lausanne. One spot there had an irresistible attraction. To reach it, the same road which led me when first in search of Matamoros had to be followed : it wound round the picturesque town past the height where, Zion-like, the cathedral and the citadel stand above it. A higher point, however, had still to be attained, and after an hour's ascent that place came in view where the earthly

shadows are long and deep, but the atmosphere seems to be of heaven. Upon entering and applying for further direction to a woman who was tending her flowers, for this is God's Acre where the flowers are bound up with the sheaves, she pointed as guide to her daughter, who sat near on the mossy ground. "But she appears to be blind," said I. "Il importe peu qu'elle soit aveugle, car ma fille est une Chretienne avancée; ne doit elle pas connaître où se repose ce Monsieur Espagnol qui est venu ici pour nous faire tous tant de bien?" The blind girl accordingly was able to lead me through devious paths to her own oft-visited and well-known place

of meditation, and soon I was beside the spot which contains all that is mortal of Manuel Matamoros. I believe it to be a martyr's grave. Unornamented save by the evergreen of the ivy which creeps around, and the pensive flower which lays its head upon his last resting-place, the fair white marble bears the following words:—

Manuel Matamoros,  
de Malaga.

Né a Malaga Octobre 1834. Mort à Lausanne  
Juillet 31, 1866.

Porque yo me resuelvo, en que lo que en este tiempo se padece, no es de comparar con la gloria venidera que en nosotros ha de ser manifestada.  
—Rom. viii. 18.

Porque por la obra de Cristo ha llegado hasta la muerte.—Filip. ii. 30.

The first verse was chosen by himself, the last was added by that friend who had first sheltered the exile in his home, and continued thenceforward to be the faithful guide, comforter, and witness of the zeal, the love, the conflicts and the trials which the ardent disciple was called upon to undergo in following his Master. He, too, was soon to rejoin his pupil and adopted son. Lovely and pleasant together in their lives, in death they were not long divided. Their works do follow them : all unworthy to accompany them into the presence of their Lord, He will own and acknowledge them in the great day, and many witnesses will then testify to

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them in the church triumphant. The witnesses below already lift up their voices, and numberless are the tongues that are telling of the light and life brought to their once darkened homes and lifeless hearts by the silent teaching of the Word, and now by the open preaching of the Cross of Christ in their own sunny Spain. It is being proclaimed with power by those who had been his faithful companions in tribulation, men who had hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is not my purpose to detail their continued labours here; these are being published to the world, but rather to dwell shortly on the closing days of Matamoros, pre-

fixing only, as has been advised, an unpublished letter, translated, showing the spirit to be, under ceaseless suffering, the same as had animated the frail tenement when "alone with his Saviour" in the prison.

" Pau, Feb. 6, 1866.

" Honoured and very dear Sister,—

" I received your letter, which caused me deep and unutterable joy, as being a most precious testimony of remembrance from a sister in our beloved Saviour, who knew how to comfort me in my grief, as also to find me out in my various trials, and to give me her noble confidence and help for the holy work which the

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Lord has granted me to accomplish for Him. Oh yes! these and other precious recollections have more than once recurred to my mind, filling it with joy and gratitude to the Lord, and making the receipt of your letter doubly welcome and valuable to me. I had wished to write to you before and answer immediately your letter, but being desirous of adding some accounts about the work, which may be of interest to you, I have been obliged to wait until I could obtain the translations and copies which I enclose. You will notice that I write to you from Pau, and you are perhaps already aware that it was the state of my health which obliged me



to leave Switzerland during the cold months of the winter. Since I had the honour of seeing you, I have had much bodily pain to endure, and more than once, grief of a deeper nature, and great moral suffering was added to it, to a degree almost overwhelming ; but in the midst of it all the Lord sustained me powerfully, not only by improving my health, but by daily purifying my faith and strengthening it more and more through my hopes of immortal bliss. At Pau I have been fortunate enough to meet, in its widest sense, with the joys of Christian fellowship. It is also under the hospitable roof of a friend that I have been recovering from the

two last dreadful attacks of pleurisy. The circular which I have the pleasure of sending you will give you some idea of the noble efforts of Christian friends here in favour of the work of the Lord, and it has been during my residence here that the institution for the young Spanish children (girls) has been founded: a work evidently blessed by the Lord, the precious fruits of which are already manifest in the thorough conversion of two, and the unmistakable growth in grace of all the others. I would be happy if you could write to the lady who is at the head of this establishment, in order to get more information about this work, which is

of the Lord, brought about and prepared by Him, before we ourselves or any one else had thought about it. The circular will also have made you acquainted with another undertaking, which the Lord has allowed me to begin, of late, at Pau. What our religious centres in Spain especially want is Biblical knowledge, which cannot there be obtained without great difficulty, and only in course of time ; to the end, therefore, that our brethren might gain a more deep and thorough knowledge of the Word of God, some of them have come to Pau to spend some months in studying the Bible, and attending a course of lectures given them by four

ministers of the Gospel, admirably qualified for that task, and evidently led by God's grace in accomplishing it. Our Spanish friends make good progress in their studies, and their intercourse with the church here is very profitable to them. We are five students, from the age of twenty-two to sixty: you would no doubt rejoice if you could see them working from morning till night with a fervour, application, and zeal truly moving and edifying. These brethren, who are heads of families, will ultimately return to Spain where they will resume their former occupations, reserving as much time from them as they can possibly spare for the prosecution

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of their Scriptural studies, and for imparting to others their newly acquired information. This work has been already abundantly blessed. The gentlemen are giving their lectures in French, and I translate them aloud in Spanish; then my friends and I, we write it all down, after which we spend several hours in studying over these same lessons with the Word of God in hand; and later in the evening we open amongst ourselves a discussion on some of the controverted points, or on matters of edification, which gives us a clearer insight into the spirit of the whole, and a better understanding of the Holy Word. This

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method of instruction has, by God's grace and the powerful assistance of His Spirit, been already the means of such true advancement in knowledge and enlightenment of the minds of our friends, that their hearts and mine are filled with joy and gratitude to the Lord for His benefits. Two of my friends here have taken upon themselves, with noble and generous enthusiasm, to assist materially in this undertaking, which requires the absence of these heads of families from their homes, as well as to forward my desire that the brethren should, on their way homeward, stop at Madrid, Saragossa, Barcelona, Valencia, Seville, Grenada, Cadiz, Jaen, Motrel,

and Cordova : all this would necessitate several months' time, but these visits might be productive of immense results in awakening the spiritual life of the small congregations of Protestants disseminated in these places, as also in establishing relations between them severally, and providing them with Bibles and tracts printed at Malaga, and imparting to them some fruits of their acquired Christian knowledge and experience. Oh, this work is indeed most beautiful and of the greatest consequence, but, as you see, it requires great sacrifices !

“Our young people at Lausanne are doing very well in every respect, and some others are also desirous of being

admitted amongst them. At Malaga likewise there are some among the young schoolmasters of that place in whom the desire has arisen, after having concluded their term of studies, to be received at Lausanne, in order to prepare themselves for the ministry of the Gospel. Finally, I have sent over a petition from one of these dear young men, who could be made afterwards eminently useful, his special vocation opening to him a vast field of labour: the diplomas delivered to them by eminent masters would enable them to open schools and colleges at a future time.

“Concerning the interior of Spain I could tell many things of interest,



but for the present I will only send you the translation of a letter to me from the President of the Committee for the Evangelization of Andalusia, who is settled at Malaga, with the translation of an extract from the Report made to the Committee of Paris by Monsieur Curie, a French minister, referring to his stay at Malaga ; and, although some things are slightly modified, and the work has progressed since that time, yet this will give you an approximate idea of the whole, especially M. de Lotas's letter, which is of later date than that of M. Curie.

“ I wish to express to you, as well as to all the friends who have sym-

pathised with me, and contributed to assist these endeavours, my most heartfelt thanks. Pray be so kind as to remember me most respectfully and affectionately to all your dear family, and accept for yourself, madam and dear sister, the assurance of the Christian love and respectful affection of your grateful brother in the Lord,

(Signed) "MANUEL MATAMOROS."

The return to health and to home in the adopted country was, however, to be of short duration, but as the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed day by day; and as the bodily power became less, so the

heart and mind strove more earnestly: reaching forth to the things that are before. The evangelization of the fatherland was the great object in view. But one effort after another had to be relinquished. At the last meeting held with the young compatriots for reading the Word and prayer, Matamoros was obliged to retire, and from that time the cords of the overstrained earthly tabernacle continued to loosen. Intense suffering was appointed him: his was not a nature to shrink from it, but he longed to live a little longer that he might forward his varied plans, and see peace upon his Israel. Nevertheless, the announcement that his days were num-

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bered was met by him with the calm exclamation, "Bueno :—al cielo!"\* "Matamoros then prayed," says an eye-witness, "with a remarkable warmth of emotion and elevation of soul, asking particularly that if God wished to call him home He would enable him to obey the summons, not in the spirit of a servant who knows not the will of his Master, but as a child who knows that his Father is doing what is best for His child." To one of the devoted friends who watched over him his feelings were thus expressed: "I am very weak, although the doctors say that I am better; but, be that as it may, the

\* It is well—on to heaven!

Lord is my all." In beginning to struggle with the agonies of death, he said, "I desired life, but now I alone desire the perfect realization of the will of God. A few days ago certain matters connected with my work engaged my attention, but now I lay down my work at the feet of Him who gave it to me. He will make a perfect use of what is His alone. I would have liked to labour yet a little, but under these solemn circumstances it is no question what I like, but what is the Lord's will." The affection and solemnity of the words addressed to the youthful fellow-countrymen, whose day and night watches were kept by his side, will

ever be engraven on their hearts:  
"With what sympathy and love do I address you in these solemn moments! I wish to speak to and tell you that I love you, and that your spiritual good is the burden of my prayers. Take notice of my position: still young, and in the first years of my Christian activity, the thread of my life is about to be severed. What would become of me if I had not such a Saviour as Jesus Christ now? Jesus in this hour of sorrow is my friend, my help, my strength, as He is also my salvation. Adieu, my dearly beloved ones,—may the Lord bless you with His choicest blessings!" Ofttimes were the wearied feelings of

the sufferer soothed by the sound of their voices rising in sweet strains of praise. A Hymn, "Venia Peccadores!" sung in the soft and sonorous accent of his native tongue, seemed to him as a choir of angels. How lovely and how true are those words: "El cielo es del alma la patria mejor!"\* One only regret (and who is there that cannot understand it?) troubled his joy in tribulation—his mother, her failing health and impending loss of sight. "Alas! my mother! ah! who can tell her how much I love her! but God Himself will take this care into His own hands." On the day before the departure of his happy

\* Heaven is the better country of the soul.

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spirit, the contemplation of the intense joy that awaits the servants of Jesus Christ, when they shall be able to contemplate "what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," was dwelt upon, and the beautiful but indescribable countenance and manner of the listener assumed a more than usual tone of childlike delight. Soon afterwards he was heard to pray, "My God, God Almighty, I call on Thee. Jesus, my Saviour, and Thou, Holy Spirit, do I invoke. Thou knowest that I know the joys of Heaven. O! give me to enjoy them in a greater degree. Do Thou Thyself prepare me for Heaven. Enable me to make those around me feel the joy that fills



my heart. I bless Thee for the Christian friends Thou hast given me in this land of exile. I bless Thee for the happy moments we have been able to pass together. Cause them to know how much love and respect I feel towards them. Give them, too, to be daily more encouraged in labouring for Spain." The tempter drew near to the dying saint. He had troubled, painful dreams. "From earth to heaven," he exclaimed, "by way of Golgotha. It is a beautiful journey." The little choir was summoned, "Vers le ciel" was sung; he said, "Avançons-nous;" they sang it, and Matamoros endeavoured to accompany them with

his dying voice—"live near, very near to God," was heard from his lips. Again the evil one attempted to shake his confidence in Him who overcame the powers of darkness, and made the valley but the *Shadow* of Death. He murmured of frightful things in his dreams. "The Lord is my Shepherd," was pronounced slowly by one at his side, *and there was a great calm*, the angel of His presence was strengthening him—a faint gesture of response, and "Like my Saviour," were the last words of one who fell asleep in Him.

Oh, what a shout must the ransomed spirit give when it finds itself released from the body of this death, and face to face with Him!

SPAIN is arising and shaking herself from the dust. The highest authorities in her land lend a helping hand; the chains of mental slavery are being broken, and the horrors of the Inquisition revealed to the light of day. At such a time it is well to keep in mind and to look back upon the day when a single voice was heard, and an undaunted protest was made. Manuel Matamoros was first led to doubt their power by reading the well-known little history of the Irish Roman Catholic, "Andrew Dunn." This was followed by deep and earnest study of the Scriptures. The persecution soon began,

and by the wish of his father, who was a Lieut.-Colonel in the Spanish artillery, he was forced to leave the army, and retired to manage what remained of the family property at Malaga after buying himself off. But the soldier's work was to be continued in a higher service : it resulted in his seizure and imprisonment, first at Barcelona, from whence he was summoned to appear before the council at Grenada. It was on his journey thither that he met with a fellow-traveller, Sir Robert Peel, whose warm heart and powerful sympathy was instantly roused by the sight of the convict, and who, on hearing of the crime laid to his charge,

became ultimately the means of his release. But no less grateful love was ever after cherished by him for those noble Christian men of Switzerland, Holland, France, and Russia, who joined with his English friends to effect this object. It was after a terrible and solitary confinement of eight days to his cell, in the face of death or the galleys, that Matamoros was called to appear before the tribunal: "*no man stood with him,*" but he gave his answers (to quote his own words) "so as not to involve others, and without confessing anything except my faith, that faith which shall save me when the one Supreme Judge shall sit upon His throne. The

Questions and Answers were as follow :—Question : ‘Do you profess the Catholic Apostolic Roman faith ? and if not, what religion do you profess ?’ Answer : ‘My religion is that of Jesus Christ : my rule of faith is the Word of God, or Holy Bible, which, without a word altered, curtailed, or added, is the basis of my belief ; and in this I am confirmed by the last few sentences of the Apocalypse and the many distinct charges of the Apostles in their Epistles. The Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church not being based upon these principles, I do not believe in her dogmas, and still less do I obey her in practice.’ The tribunal appeared astonished at

these words, and the judge said to me, 'Do you know what you are saying?' 'Yes, Sir,' I replied, in a firm voice, 'I cannot deny it. I have put my hand to the plough, and I dare not look back.' The judge was silent, and the tribunal rose."

*He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible.* The wilderness journey is past, and he was not permitted to behold his goodly land now fast illuminating by the Sun of Righteousness, the far-off morning dawn of which he had so enthusiastically hailed. But the climate is now more congenial, and the sphere of action removed to that clime where "His servants shall

serve Him," where work is carried on under the immediate eye of Him who gave the pattern to be begun below, and where no zeal is thought too great for the Master's service. Light has grown to glory, and the prayer of the One Friend, whose unfailing smile had cheered the prison gloom, has been answered. "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory."—John xvii. 24.



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